

world, which consisted principally of the children of the poor, who were rescued by her father.

The purple for her royal color, was given to her by her father, "Purple Mother." She selected a "cathart" of twelve of the ablest men she could find—and richest. Their term of office begins and ends with her pleasure.

She removed the headquarters of the organization, bag and baggage, to Point Loma, and then, with weird ceremonies, she laid the corner stone of a school for the revival of lost mysteries.

In her two years at Point Loma Mrs. Tingley has spent more than \$30,000 in improvements. The furnishings of sections of her great temples are superb and gathered from all parts of the world.

The central idol of Point Loma is "Spots," the King Charles spaniel. She has created a court for the dog, and all motions before it are made in the name of "Worship me, worship my dog Spots."

The dog contains the soul of a master who has passed on.

"Bark 'Brotherhood,' Spots," says this great religious leader to the little crowd gathered in her arms. And when he snarls or yelps she begins translating his bark into the watchword, "Brotherhood." All who have ears to hear must bow their heads. Those who have never seen Katherine Tingley marvel at her power. Those who have seen her marvel more.

A Place of Mysteries.

Point Loma colony is a place of mysteries. In the courts, the Purple Prophecies have had to make a defense in civil suits in which it was charged that the mysterious colony. It is also charged that others are held within the walls. It is said that children and "students of the mysteries" receive but one-third portions of food.

When the stranger approaches he is herded on the inside by trumpet blasts sounded frequently by unseen sentinels, and the visitor is closely shadowed. Some of the weird services that the Purple Prophecies has established, surpass the absurd.

Lomaland is astral before sunrise. The first service is by the Sons of the Rising Sun. The men are dressed somewhat as the Greeks and Romans, in white tunics, a sort of pajamas, reaching the knees, and below which the leg is bare, and draped about the shoulders a piece of cheesecloth. They go up to the sacred ground to greet the sun. Each one stoops down and takes a little handful of dirt and tosses it back again. Some of "Spots" latest tenets are read. (This inspired dog contributes regularly to the society's publications.)

While this is in progress another ceremony is taking place at the Homestead. Men and women, some in regular clothes, some in cheesecloth robes, all barefooted, have circled about the Homestead three times, and, stopping on the eastern veranda, they chant the praises of Lomaland.

Rations Cut Down.

The students' fare is very different from that served at the Homestead to people who are likely to go into the world again. By degrees the Purple One has cut down their rations, and she comforts those who get a quarter of an egg apiece, a slice of toast, a walnut or two and a few raisins by saying this is an "ideal" breakfast and will make those who eat it more refined and spiritual.

Late in the morning the Purple One finishes her nap and is ready for a good, square meal. The faithful believe that in the early hours her spirit has left her body and is away attending to national affairs.

Nor does Spots, the sacred dog, the avowed source of Purple inspiration, live "ideal" meals. One woman who cooked in the Homestead kitchen until her health broke down and she left the place a physical wreck, tells how from morning till night she was kept preparing special dishes for Spots. And if Spots ever happened to get off his feed, like common dogs, there was constipation in the household.

"HOLY GHOSTS" IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW

One of the Queerest Religious Sects that Has Yet Appeared.

(Special to The Indianapolis News.)

DURHAM, Mass., November 29.—The "Holy Ghosts" are in trouble with the law. As a result of one of his "face-to-face-talks-with-God," Father Frank W. Sanford, "God's trustee on earth," took all the people in Lincoln, that magnificent mother house of the "Holy Ghosts," and sent them to the Androscoggin river last winter. Although all had been baptized, he had the ice broken and rebaptized each one three times face down, according, he said, to the no-nonsense instructions he had received from God. The wind was blowing a winter gale and the clothes of the "Holy Ghosts" froze on them as they stood on the banks shouting and singing. One of the "Holy Ghosts" was one of the queerest religious sects that has yet appeared in this country.

Let the Child Hurt Itself.

A baby of two years crept to the top of the flight of stairs. Its mother was at the foot of the stairs, reading. The child wanted to come down and began to cry lustily.

The mother did not look up. The child continued crying. Presently it crept a bit nearer the top of the dangerous flight. Its mother's eyes were fixed on the book. A wooden Indian mother would always have known what the child wanted. The flesh and blood mother below paid no attention.

The little one lurched forward. Three steps below it struck its head. Then, bumpety-bump-bump-bump, the little thing rolled to the bottom. It brought up unconscious at the feet of the mother. Blood trickled from a wound in the little white brow. The mother read on.

A neighbor woman, who occupied the other half of this double cottage, came in five minutes later to ask what the noise was about. She found the child lying there still unconscious.

"Whatever happened?" she cried, picking up the little one.

"The baby has fallen down stairs for the third time to-day," said the mother, and she kept on rocking.

"And you sit here, without turning a head to save her?" said the neighbor. "You Indian mother!"

"You forget that baby is one of the saints of Shiloh, and that the Holy Ghost watches over her," said the mother.

"If the baby has a bruise down, her mother will receive it," said the neighbor.

All this actually happened a few weeks ago in a cottage on West Hill, in the university city of Ithaca, N. Y.

The leader.

The leader of the "Holy Ghosts" is Frank W. Sanford, "trustee of God." The sect is getting a strong hold in the West. Sanford is almost worshipped. His word is law to his converts. His mother died insane, it is said, and he has a

brother in the Maine asylum for the insane at Augusta.

The headquarters of the "Holy Ghosts" are in the town of Durham, Me., where there is a great temple. The buildings cover and inclose several acres of land, and are on the top of the highest hill in the town.

On the Androscoggin registry of deeds all this property, which is valued conservatively at \$100,000, is deeded "to God Almighty." Frank W. Sanford, "trustee of God," is the owner. The average number living at "Shiloh" is 150, and all these give their labor to the cause. Most of them are artisans and farmers. Several hundred persons have sold their entire property and have turned the proceeds into the common fund at "Shiloh."

On the west side of the grounds there is a lofty tower in which for three years constant prayer has been in progress day and night, the supplicants relieving each other in the service.

To this tower Sanford betakes himself almost every day "for a little talk with God," as he expresses it. He declares that he converses with the Father as man to man, and no one at "Shiloh" ventures to gainsay his assertion.

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HEAVEN DOWN IN TEXAS IS BECOMING SMALLER

Area of "Roll Flyers" Place Is Now Only One Acre in Extent.

(Special to The Indianapolis News.)

BOWLING GREEN, O., November 29.—"Heaven is but one acre in extent and is rapidly diminishing," declared Epiphany Shanaberger, who has just returned from "Heaven." Tex. Some time ago a new sect, known as the "Roll Flyers," came through Bowling Green, and Shanaberger became a convert. They journeyed to Texas in search of a place which spirits had told them was immune from the fiery destruction of the earth on judgment day. They settled on 100 acres near Livingston, the tract being sandy and not at all fertile. Mrs. Shanaberger bought the land, and also furnished funds for the provisions which the colony needed. The "Roll Flyers" did not raise any farm produce, and so they soon ate up all the ready cash that was to be had. Then they began to sell "Heaven" by the acre.

Piece after piece of the sacred land was sold for the small sum which it would bring and the proceeds invested in food for a few more days. Now but one acre remains, and starvation is staring the band of "faithful" in the face. Mr. Shanaberger also says that, contrary to the general belief of the "Roll Flyers," there has been death in the ranks.

When the stranger approaches he is herded on the inside by trumpet blasts sounded frequently by unseen sentinels, and the visitor is closely shadowed. Some of the weird services that the Purple Prophecies has established, surpass the absurd.

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BABA BHARATI COMES TO NEW YORK TO PREACH

He Went Out Into the Wilderness and Saw the Jodge of Baradi.

(Special to The Indianapolis News.)

NEW YORK, November 29.—Baba Bharati, a typical, high-caste Hindoo, formerly a newspaper man at Lahore, when Kipling worked on a rival paper, but more recently a convert to Hindoism, has arrived from India to lay the worship of Krishna before the American people. He is a fluent man, and is full of interesting statements, of which this is one:

"These American dreamers will awaken to find that all their so-called civilization of the Hindoo is but as a layer of moss upon rock. In the final test the moss will vanish, leaving the granite unchanged, eternal. The Hindoo and his spirituality are the same to-day as thousands of years ago. They have outlived Egyptians, Greeks and Romans—their systems, governments and religions. The Hindoo alone remain imperishable. The only hope for these so-called modern civilizations is in adopting the spirituality of the Hindoo."

Baba Bharati tells a wonderful story. He was in the wilderness, where he lived for years, and he describes as being changed, eternal. The Hindoo and his spirituality are the same to-day as thousands of years ago. They have outlived Egyptians, Greeks and Romans—their systems, governments and religions. The Hindoo alone remain imperishable. The only hope for these so-called modern civilizations is in adopting the spirituality of the Hindoo."

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MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

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newcomers every day. Dixie is pouring recruits into the fold. Zion City is forty-two miles north of Chicago, and an equal distance south of Milwaukee. For two and a half miles its eastern edge is washed by the waters of the lake.

The Lace Factory.

Chief among the industries is the lace factory, now in operation. It is the only plant of its kind in America. It is housed in a fine brick building covering five acres, with eight acres of floor space. It is managed by imported talent, and the highest existing scale of wages is paid to employees.